MARVEL LIMITED SERIES

6 of 6

MILLIGAN

ROBERTSON

RAMOS

TOXIN™

SON OF CARNAGE™!

THE NEW AVENGERS® TIE-IN

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I KNOW MY OLD MAN.

--!

LIFE WAS TOUGH WHEN HE WAS YOUNG.

FOUR BROTHERS AND TWO SISTERS MEANT EVERY MEALTIME WAS LIKE THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN...

HE GREW UP FIGHTING. AND THAT WAS HOW HE WOULD HAVE GONE OUT...

UGGG!

SMAK

FIGHTING.

WHAPP!

UGNN!

UNTIL THE END...

THAT ALL YA GOT, YA BIG LUMP?

WHAT'S GOING ON UP THERE?

THAT YOU, DAD? I TOLD YOU NOT TO BRING YOUR POKER BUDDIES HERE...

DAD?

I...I...GAVE HIM MY BEST SHOT...BOY...

HE *DID* TOO.

FOR AN OLD HAS-BEEN WITH MUSCLE WASTAGE AND OSTEO-ARTHRITIS, HE PUT ON QUITE A SHOW.

AAARGGHHHH!

KRASHHHHH

HE'S RUNNING SCARED!

WE'LL FINISH THIS LATER. GIVE YOU TIME TO WAIL OVER YOUR PAPA.

AIN'T WE GOIN' AFTER HIM?

LATER-- AFTER I SEE ABOUT DAD...

HOLD ON, DAD...WE'LL GET YOU TO THE HOSPITAL.

HEY, POPS... HE SAID YOU PUT UP A REAL GOOD FIGHT...

KRRKKK

+UNGGG+

JUST LIKE YOU ALWAYS DID...

YEAH, I KNOW MY OLD MAN.

AT LEAST I *DID* KNOW HIM. BEFORE HE HAD A FIGHT WITH A PSYCHOPATH NAMED *RAZOR FIST.*

A FIGHT THAT SHOULD HAVE BEEN *MINE.*

I CAN'T MAKE AN OFFICIAL APPEARANCE AT MY OWN FATHER'S FUNERAL.

SO IT'S NICE THAT GINA'S HERE. GINA AND EDWARD. MY FAMILY.

ON PAPER, AT LEAST.

P-PAT?

PAT, IS THAT--?

G...GINA?

HOW ARE YOU?

HOW-- AM-- --I?

PHOOO

YOU RUN OUT ON US, YOU DON'T TRY TO CONTACT US, THEN...THEN...Y-YOU ASK ME HOW I AM? HOW D'YA *THINK* I AM?

I THOUGHT YOU...I REALLY THOUGHT YOU WERE...

I...AH... HG...GHU... AHUU... HAA!

MY NAME IS PAT MULLIGAN. I AM A COWARD.

OH, I'VE KNOCKED AROUND A FEW SUPER-VILLAINS IN MY TIME..

PHIL DOE 1931-1994

I GOT IN A TWIST WITH *KING COBRA*. EVEN TOOK ON TWO OF THE *WRECKING CREW* WITHOUT A THOUGHT FOR MY OWN SAFETY.

BUT DON'T LET THAT FOOL YOU.

I'M A COWARD...

--AND SHE'S DISGUSTING! THE WAY SHE **SPAT** AT YOU! THAT'S SO *UNHEALTHY*.

I TAKE IT SPITTING IS A HUMAN GESTURE OF EXTREME DISPLEASURE?

YOU COULD SAY THAT.

FROM THE RIGHT PERSON, AT THE RIGHT TIME, A FEW GLOBULES OF WELL-DIRECTED SPUTUM CAN HURT MORE THAN ANY FIST.

I STILL THINK IT'S NASTY. GINA SEEMED NICER THAN THAT.

I THINK IT'S TIME WE *ALL* GOT A LITTLE OF WHAT WE DESERVE.

I DON'T REALLY SEE THE *POINT*. IF YOU'RE UPSET WITH SOMEONE... WHY NOT JUST *HIT* THEM?

I *DESERVED* IT, TOXIN.

HEAR ME, NEW YORK CITY! I'M GOING TO *CUT* YOU!

I'M GOING TO MAKE YOU *BLEED!*

TOXIN: the Devil you know PART SIX: THE RAZOR'S EDGE

MUCH BETTER, MASTER. BUT GIVE ME JUST A LITTLE MORE *OOMPH* ON BLEED. I'M GONNA MAKE YOU BLEEEEED.

THINK *DE NIRO* IN RAGING BULL. THINK--

IT'LL DO FINE, SAMANTHA. WE'RE MAKING A VIDEO TO SCARE THE PANTS OFF THE GENERAL PUBLIC.

WE'RE NOT GOING FOR THE *OSCARS.*

VERY WELL, MASTER.

HOW IS THE *SLASHERDAY FUND* COMING ALONG? ARE THE PEOPLE OF NEW YORK DIGGING INTO THEIR POCKETS...TO STOP US DIGGING INTO THEIR *JUGULARS?*

AHH...AS OF ONE HOUR AGO... THE SLASHERDAY FUND STOOD AT THE GRAND TOTAL OF... THIRTY-FIVE DOLLARS.

AND TEN CENTS.

LOUSY SKINFLINTS. I'M GONNA MAKE THEM BLEED.

BLEEEED, MASTER. *BLEEEED!*

ALL RIGHT, ALREADY!

UHHH... UHHH... UH...

THERE WAS A LOT OF TALK AT THE FUNERAL. FEARFUL, ANGRY, *COP* TALK.

NOT SURPRISING.

FIRST MY DAD, AN EX-COP, IS CUT TO RIBBONS.

THEN A POLICE OFFICER IS FOUND CARVED UP AND DUMPED IN A GARBAGE CAN--

MEADOWS...

HE'S BAD, PAT. THAT GUY WID THE RAZORS... AND THOSE KIDS HE'S GOT...

SHHH. I'M GOING TO TAKE CARE OF HIM, MEADOWS.

YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE...HAVE TOLD ME WHERE YOU WERE STAYING...THEN... HE COULDN'T HAVE GOT IT OUTTA ME...

YOU? IT WAS YOU WHO...GAVE RAZOR FIST MY ADDRESS?

I--I HAD TO. HE WAS...THE THINGS HE WAS DOING TO ME, PAT...

BUT YOU'RE HERE. YOU LOOK OKAY. SO...N-NO HARM DONE, RIGHT?

RIGHT.

WHY DIDN'T HE JUST KILL YOU? AFTER YOU GAVE HIM WHAT HE WANTED?

MAYBE HE LET ME LIVE... BECAUSE I WANTED TO DIE.

ONE LAST PIECE OF TORTURE. SOUNDS LIKE RAZOR FIST.

WHERE DID THIS HAPPEN, MEADOWS? GIVE ME AN ADDRESS. A CROSS STREET. ANYTHING.

OKAY. BUT YOU GOTTA DO ONE THING FOR ME, PAT.

SAY IT.

SCRATCH MY LEFT FOOT. GOT AN ITCH THAT'S DRIVIN' ME NUTS!

WE'LL MAKE HIM EAT HIS OWN RAZOR FISTS...

THE FIRST ONE WILL SPLIT HIS THROAT OPEN. IT'LL ALMOST DECAPITATE HIM. HE'LL CHOKE; DROWN IN HIS OWN BLOOD AND GUTS.

N-NO. THAT'S NOT... HOW IT'S GONNA HAPPEN.

YOU'RE TEMPTED! OH, I CAN *FEEL* IT, PAT.

I CAN FEEL HOW BAD YOU *WANT* IT.

WE'RE GOING TO DETAIN HIM. *ARREST* HIM. STAY IN C-CONTROL.

I'D KEEP HIM ALIVE. *SOMEHOW*.

NEXT, WE'LL TEAR HIS LEGS OFF. THEN WORSE; UNTIL HE'S SORRY HE KILLED YOUR FATHER.

SORRY, PAT; HE'LL BE *SORRY*.

I SAID NO! WHAT YOU'RE PROPOSING...IS *WRONG*.

NOW DON'T GET ALL *MAHATMA GANDHI* WITH ME; PATSY BOY; YOU KILLED THAT *COP KILLER*, REMEMBER? YOU STOOD BACK AND LET ME...

I-I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT I LET YOU DO, TOXIN.

I COULD'VE GONE AFTER HIM--

--BUT I...I JUST HAD TO SEE IF MY DAD WAS STILL ALIVE. I'M SORRY...

I WOULD HAVE DONE THE SAME THING MYSELF.

YOU WOULD?

WE CAN'T LET THIS JOB TURN US INTO UNCARING *MONSTERS.*

IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN.

I WANT YOU THERE, SPIDER-MAN.

IF I CROSS THAT LINE...IF IT LOOKS LIKE I'M GOING TO KILL HIM...THAT I'VE FINALLY LOST ALL CONTROL OF TOXIN... TAKE US BOTH DOWN.

PUT ME IN *RYKER'S* ALONG WITH THE OTHER *BAD GUYS.*

AND THROW AWAY THE KEY.

"SLASHERDAY ARRIVES. IT'S THE NIGHT OF THE KNIVES...

HE-HELLO? CHILDREN, ARE YOU PLAYING IN THE HALL AGAIN?

"THE NIGHT NEW YORK LIVES ITS NIGHTMARES..."

CHILDREN?

AAIEEEEEE

--SEE? IT'S SO... MODERN. IT'S POST-MODERN. IT'S *POST*-POSTMODERN.

WE DON'T NEED TO ACTUALLY KILL ANY-ONE ON SLASHERDAY. WE DON'T NEED TO ACTUALLY *DO* IT, MASTER.

SO WE JUST FILM IT? THE *PIRANHA TOTS* BECOME CHILD ACTOR. KIND OF *PSYCHOPATHIC McCAULEY CULKINS.*

THAT'S A GREAT LINE! WE CAN USE IT IN THE TRAILER! YES, WE *FILM* IT. AND SEND THE FILM OUT.

BELIEVE ME, MASTER. WHAT PEOPLE SEE ON SCREEN IS MUCH MORE REAL TO THEM THAN THEIR *OWN LIVES!*

THIS WAY... N-NO ONE... ACTUALLY... GETS *HURT.*

SAMANTHA, WHY ARE YOU WITH ME?

HMM?

M-MY DADDY HE...HE HURT ME. MOM DIDN'T...C-CARE. AND YOU...YOU WERE *THERE* FOR ME. B-BUT THIS...THIS *SLASHERDAY* THING...

WE-LL...IF WE COULD BE SURE THAT THE ADULTS WE WERE KILLING WERE *GUILTY*...I'D BE FINE ABOUT IT.

BUT WE COULD BE KILLING...THE *GOOD ONES* TOO.

GUILT. INNOCENCE. GOOD ONES, BAD ONES. THAT *DOESN'T MATTER!*

I'M A *SUPER-VILLAIN!* IF YOU WANT TO BE MY ASSISTANT, YOU MUST PUT ASIDE THESE NOTIONS OF *MORALITY!*

MAYBE I'M JUST NOT CUT OUT TO BE A COLD-BLOODED HAND-MAIDEN TO DEATH INCARNATE.

M-MAYBE I SHOULD LEAVE... AND TRY TO GET INTO FILM SCHOOL.

I'M AFRAID YOU DON'T LEAVE THAT EASY, SAMANTHA. THIS ISN'T THAT KIND OF MOVIE.

IN *THIS* MOVIE, THE GOOD DIE. THE BAD PROSPER. THE CUDDLY ANIMALS GET FLUSHED DOWN THE WASTE DISPOSAL UNIT...

AAIEEEE!

HUH?

AARRGGH!

YOU RAN AWAY FROM ME THE LAST TIME WE MET.

NNGG...BECAUSE... I WANTED YOU TO SUFFER A LITTLE... BEFORE I KILLED YOU...

YOU MEAN YOU KNEW I WAS STRONGER THAN YOU. YOU'RE JUST YELLOW, RAZOR FIST.

DON'T CONFUSE MY SALLOW COMPLEXION--

--WITH A RELUCTANCE TO KILL YOU.

AARGGH!

THUDD!

I HEARD YOU HAD AN ACCIDENT. LOST BOTH OF YOUR ARMS.

OOOWWW!

YOU GOT SOMETHING AGAINST *AMPUTEES?*

SOME OF MY BEST FRIENDS HAVE LOST BODY PARTS. BUT YOU HAD PROSTHETIC ARMS BUILT--

WHO TOLD YOU?

KID CALLED ANTON, WHO USED TO *BELIEVE* IN YOU.

YEAH, I HAD PROSTHETIC ARMS. GOOD ONES, LIFE-LIKE. BUT I HAD THEM REMOVED.

HAD SOME-THING *BETTER* PUT IN THEIR PLACE.

Y-YOU THINK I'M INSANE.

SURE, ALL THAT AND A COWARD.

KRAKK!

BY THROWING AWAY YOUR HANDS, YOU MADE SURE YOU'D ALWAYS HAVE TO BE *TENDED* TO

OWW!

SNAKK!

NO!

A COWARD ABSOLVED FROM RESPONSIBILITY...

WHO'D ALWAYS BE A CHILD. NASTY, BRUTAL...

...AND LOST WITHOUT HIS TOYS.

M-MY RAZOR FISTS! MY... *PRETTY LITTLE FISTS!*

COME ON, CHAMP. HIT ME.

GIVE ME ALL YOU'VE GOT.

+GNNN!+

FINISH IT. CHOP ME. I JUST AIN'T BUILT FOR RYKER'S.

I'M NOT HERE TO PUT YOU OUT OF YOUR MISERY

AFTER WHAT I DID TO YOUR OLD MAN? THE WAY HE BEGGED FOR MERCY AND I LAUGHED IN HIS FACE?

WHAT KIND OF A SON *ARE* YOU?

AHHH!

NICE TRY BUT I KNOW MY OLD MAN

AND HE WASN'T THE BEGGING KIND

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"MAYBE WE'LL NEVER HEAR FROM THEM AGAIN..."

HAPPY ~~BIRTHDAY~~ SISSY!

HAPPY BIRTHDAAAAY, DEAR SISSY...

"MAYBE THEY'RE JUST BIDING THEIR TIME."

ONE THING FOR SURE IS ALL THOSE KIDS ARE DUE A LOT OF *THERAPY.*

THE BEST THERAPY THEY CAN GET IS *LOVE.*

MULLIGAN, YOU'RE A BIG SOFTY.

THAT'S WHAT *TOXIN* SAYS TOO.

TOXIN. GLAD TO SEE YOU GOT THAT THING UNDER YOUR THUMB AT LAST.

LONG AS *HE* AIN'T JUST BIDING *HIS* TIME.

YOU DID GOOD, MULLIGAN--THE WAY YOU FACED UP TO THE RAZOR MAN.

YOU'VE GOT SOME GUTS.

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TOMS RESTAURANT

RESTAURANT

I-I NEVER HAD THE GUTS TO TELL YOU...THE REAL REASON I WALKED OUT...

COME ON THEN. LET'S GET THIS OVER WITH.

WHATEVER YOU'RE THINKING... YOU'RE WRONG. IT'LL BE EASIER IF I *SHOWED* YOU WHAT MY *PROBLEM* IS.

NO PROBLEM MAKES IT RIGHT TO ABANDON YOUR OWN CHILD.

BEFORE THIS HAPPENED TO ME...I WOULD HAVE AGREED WITH THAT.

BEFORE *WHAT* HAPPENED TO YOU?

YOU GOTTA PROMISE NOT TO FAINT? OR SCREAM?

WHAT-EVER. JUST TELL ME WHAT YOUR YOUR BIG PROBLEM IS.

LIKE THEY SAY, BETTER THE DEVIL YOU KNOW...

TOMS RESTAURANT

RESTAURANT

TOMS RESTAURANT

RESTAURANT

THE END!

XIII

The Hand

E E M P I R